an ideal, an epitome than a *woman.* It is this quality which makes her so easy in such lofty parts as Phedre. She is always a miracle. Let her play " L'Aiglon," and while matter-of-fact members of the audience are wondering if she looks *redly* like the unfortunate King of Rome, and deciding against her and in favour of Maude Adams who did look the boy to perfection, more imaginative watchers see in Sarah's performance a truth far bigger than a mere physical resemblance. Rostand says in the foreword to his play, that in it he does not espouse this cause' or that, but only tells the story of " one poor little boy." In another of his plays, " Cyrano de Bergerac," there is one poor little tune played on a pipe of which the hero says :

> "licontez, Gascons, c'est toute la Gascogne."

Though I am not French, and know next to nothing of the language, I thought when I saw Sarah's " L'Aiglon," that of that one poor little boy too might be said :

> "Ecoutez, Francais, c'est toute la France!"

It is this extraordinary decorative and symbolic quality of Sarah's which makes her transcend all personal and individual feeling on the stage. No one plays a love scene better, but it is a *picture* of love that she gives, a strange orchidaceous picture rather than a suggestion of the ordinary human passion as felt by ordinary human people. She is exotic—well, what else should she be ? One does not, at any rate one should not, quarrel with an exquisite

tropical flower and call it unnatural because it is not a buttercup or a cowslip.

I have spoken of the face as the chief equipment of the actor* Sarah Bernhardt contradicts this at once. Her face does little for her. Her walk is not much. Nothing